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CHRONICLE-UNION.

ALEX. C. FOLGER. ROBT. M. FOLGER.

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County Official Press.

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1864.

1890.

CHRONICLE-UNION, THE PIONEER

On the Eastern Slope of the

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The Oldest and Leading Paper in
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AND RELIABLE
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THREE DOLLARS PER YEAR.

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JOB PRINTING OF
EVERY
DESCRIPTION
AT THE
LOWEST RATES.

WAS ALL BUSINESS.

Madam Wanted Her Tooth Pulled With-
out Any Charge for Sympathy.

She was a mature woman, with high
cheek bones, a dappled face and red
hair, says the Chicago Herald. Flung
aside her bonnet she got up into the
dentist's chair, leaned her head back,
opened her mouth, and pointed to a
tooth on the lower jaw.

"I wish you'd see what is the matter
with that grinder," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the dentist, in
a sympathetic tone. "Has it been hurt-
ing you long?"

"Who said it had been hurting me?"

"Beg pardon, ma'am. I inferred—"
"Well, you don't need to infer any-
thing. If you're ready to look at that
grinder, doctor, I'm ready to open my
mouth again." And she opened it.

"The tooth, madam," he said, after
a brief examination, "is a mere shell.
I regret—"

"What occasion is there for you to re-
gret anything? Whose grinder is it?"

"I was going to say it is too late to
save the tooth. It is too far gone. If
it's troubling you any it will have to
come out."

"Well, that's what I'm here for."

"It will be hard to get hold of with
the forceps and I am sorry to say it will
hurt—"

"Does it hurt you to pull a custom-
er's tooth?" she demanded.

"Of course not, but—"

"Well, then, you needn't feel sorry.
I am here on business. I don't need
any sympathy. Yank it out."

The thoroughly-humbled tooth artist
wasted no more words. He produced a
pair of ugly-looking forceps and ex-
tracted the offending molar without de-
lay.

"What's your bill?" inquired the
woman.

"Fifty cents."

"That's the regular price, is it?
You're not charging any thing for sym-
pathy?"

"It is the regular price, madam."

"Here's the money. Good-day!"

After she had gone out of his office
the dentist went and sat down by the
front window to rest. "If I had that
woman's nerve," he said to himself, as
he watched her striding down the
street, "I could be an alderman and
own a whole ward in less than three
months."

SYMPATHY WASTED.

How Street Gamblers Fooled Many Kind-
hearted Persons.

It is seldom that the New York street
urchin fails to get amusement out of any
thing where he sees the chance. Some
youngsters saw an opportunity recently
in the union of the following elements:
A pair of trousers, an old jacket and
vest, a hat and some straw. The whole
was put in the other elements, and the
whole, when completed, made a very
fine specimen of the genus "tramp."

The boys carried the figure around to a
neighboring church, and placed it in a
position which was skillfully intended
to give the impression to passers-by of
a fellow-being in agony. Then they hid
to watch developments. Says the New
York Times. A lady and gentleman
passed the church. "Oh, look at that
poor fellow, John! He seems to be ill,"

remarked the lady. The small boys
didn't say any thing, but kept their eyes
on "John." "John," who was a courtly
cavalier of the olden days, benevolently
went up and touched the figure, saying,
"What's the matter with you, my man?"

He did not wait to get an answer, but
left suddenly, and his departure was
punctuated by various cat calls and
scoffing remarks.

Many persons passed the figure, and
many, overcome by emotions of pity,
when up and spoke words of kind en-
couragement to it, patted it on the
shoulder, shook it, and then went away
quickly, accompanied by cries of "Gill
to ambulance fur de man, boss! Call der
nopl Ho's McGinty's brother, boss!" and
various other expressions of American-
ized Anglo-Saxon that were more or less
forcibly understood by those who heard
them.

The urchin kept it up until one of
their number suggested carrying the
figure to the park and "make a suicide
or murder." The idea was seized, and
the poor agonized figure was hurried
from the church steps and borne off into
the surrounding darkness with a yell
that made a nervous old lady who was
standing on the street corner shiver and
exclaim to her aged companion:
"Laudy! look at those boys a-torment-
in' that poor man."

Queer Cause Made.

There is a dog in Philadelphia that
has a mania for tearing off door-knobs
and plates and wrecking the woodwork
of the doors generally.

PRECIOUS GOLD DUST.

There is a Table Drawer at the Govern-
ment Printing Office.

Seven thousand dollars' worth of gold
dust in a table drawer! Poke your
fingers into the yellow stuff and notice
how soft and agreeable to the feeling it
is, says the Washington Star, while the
attendant in charge watches you care-
fully and sees that you do not get away
with any of it. It is smooth to the
touch, because it is all composed of
gold-beater's film rubbed to almost im-
perceptible powder. For the same rea-
son, too, it is absolutely pure and virgin
metal, twenty-four carats fine.

The drawer is in charge of a pretty
young girl at the Government printing
office. The precious substance comes to
her in the shape of little rectangular
sheets of foil inexpressibly thin, laid
between layers of tissue paper made up
in book form, each book holding twenty-
four gold sheets. Handling them is a
matter requiring great skill, though
you might not imagine it from casual
inspection. To begin with, say the
young woman places on the table before
her an ordinary leather book cover.
She takes from the little gold book a
sheet of the foil, not with her fingers,
but by catching it up with a small pad
of raw cotton. Laying down the sheet
of pure yellow gold upon a little slab,
she cuts it into three pieces with a sharp
knife. She makes it smooth by blow-
ing gently upon it with her breath.

One of the pieces she applies to the
back of the cover where the title is to
go, another she also puts on the back,
while the third biggest piece is spread
over the middle of one flap of the cover,
where an ornamental design is wanted.
Next, after smoothing the piece of
gold film down firmly on the leather,
the pretty girl slides the cover beneath
a small press that stands on the table.
In the press, face downward, is a die en-
graved in relief with the name of the
book that is to be incased in the cover.
The author's name and the ornamental
design referred to. The die is kept
heated by gas. A movement of a lever
worked by hand brings the die down
upon the cover, and the raised lettering
and design burn the gold foil wherever
there is contact, so that it is made to
adhere to the leather in those spots.
The die is lifted, the cover is withdrawn
from the press, and the gold is rubbed
off with a piece of soft leather on the
end of a stick. Wherever the die has
touched it the film comes off read-
ily, leaving the lettering and the design
clearly visible on the leather that
they could not be removed, save by hard
scrapping. Finally the young woman
rubs the leather with a chunk of burnt
rubber, which takes off all undesirable
particles, so that the ornamental pattern
and the names of book and author shine
out with beautiful clearness of outline
in twenty-four carat gold. The whole
process has taken a good many words to
describe, but it is actually performed
very quickly, the covers being spread
with gold, stamped with the heated die,
and rubbed off in rapid succession. Each
fresh sort of book-cover has to have a
new die, of course.

The operator is very careful in rub-
bing off the loose gold after each stamp-
ing, so as to lose none of it. As she uses
the leather-tipped stick she permits the
yellow stuff to fall through a crack in
the table top into the drawer beneath
in the shape of dust. It is allowed to
accumulate there until the drawer is full.
The drawer is quite big and deep, and
will hold \$10,000 worth of dust. It is
would not imagine it to be any very
precious substance if you found a quan-
tity of it in some odd place; it looks as
much like powdered tin as any thing
else. However, it is worth \$200 an ounce,
and when a drawer full is collected the
gold is forwarded to the mint in Phila-
delphia, which subjects it to assay and
sends back a check for its value.

The burnt rubber used for the final
polishing off of the gold lettering, etc.,
is simply India-rubber which has been
subjected to a peculiar fire process that
makes it very spongy and absorbent.
So remarkable is its latter quality that
a chunk of it as big as three of your fin-
gers will take up more than \$15 worth
of gold in its pores. When, after some
months of use such a piece of burnt
rubber is loaded with all the gold it will
comfortably carry, it is sent, with a lot
of others in the same condition, to the mint
to be assayed.

Real gold is only used in this way for
particularly fine books. Designs and
lettering of the sort for ordinary vol-
umes are done at the Government print-
ing office in nearly the same manner,
but with a yellow composition called
"German metal," which looks very
much like the gold and is decidedly
cheaper. No trouble is taken to save
the wastage, and each book-cover, after
being stamped by the hot die, is simply
put through a brushing machine.

The Electric Express Train.

Dr. Louis Bell says the electric ex-
press train in the near future will in
all probability contain one or more pow-
erful motors on the axis of its drivers,
and aggregating perhaps 1,000 horse-
power as a normal output. It will be
lighted and heated by electricity. The
track over which it will run will be
straight, and smooth, like the great En-
glish trunk line of to-day. The train
will start smoothly into motion, fly
along the track at the rate of one hun-
dred miles an hour or more, and stop
quickly and easily by applying its elec-
tric brakes. An automatic block sys-
tem will be used that will secure perfect
control of the trains and almost absolute
immunity from collisions.

AM WING'S JEWEL.

An Alaskan Version of the John Smith
and Pocahontas Romance.

Pocahontas has been outdone by an
Alaskan maiden. John Smith was only
in danger of having his brains spattered
over the surrounding real estate when
Pocahontas rescued him with her love.
The John Smith of Alaska was not
only in danger of being killed, but of
being eaten, when the woman in whose
eyes he found favor saved him.

The Alaska John Smith, says the San
Francisco Examiner, was not a titled
explorer when he fell into the hands of
the savages, nor was his name John
Smith. He was only a common yellow-
skinned sea cook. His name is Ah
Wing. He is about as homely a
mixture of Chinaman and Malay pirate
as could be found in a day's walk. His
Pocahontas answers to the name of
Julie just now, but nobody knows what
her Indian name was. She is a long
way from being Pocahontas' equal in
beauty, and the Siwash features of gen-
erations were consolidated when her
face was made. Still the romance is
there.

Ah Wing and Julie, now Mrs. Ah
Wing arrived here on a oddish schooner
several months since, but have not
gone into society yet. They reside on
Ross alley, in Chinatown, and submit-
ted to an interview yesterday. They
only submitted to it, they did not take
part in it, and when it came to securing
the story of their love the reporter was
obliged to obtain his information from a
third party, to whom Wing had confided
it in explanation of his off-color bride.

Ah Wing, some nine years ago, was a
cook in the employ of the Navy Depart-
ment, and was shipped north on the
Jamestown. While on the Sitka sta-
tion Wing's time expired or he deserted
—just which is not quite plain—and
shipped aboard a whaler. The whaler
was wrecked and Wing was cast up on
an inhospitable ice-floe. Julie was the
daughter of a chief of a tribe of Indi-
ans, and, while hunting with her
father, discovered Ah Wing, who was as
near dead from starvation, cold and ex-
posure as it was possible for him to be
and retain life. For days and days
Julie nursed him, and he finally recov-
ered, to find himself the object of a
great deal of attention on the part of
the Indians. They could speak no
Chinese or English, and Wing had no
comprehension of their dialect. Life was
at a loss to understand the solicitude
with which they fed him and the inter-
est they took in watching the accumu-
lation of fat on his ribs. At last the
horrid truth dawned upon him—at least
so he says. They were going to barbecue
and eat him.

He attempted to escape, but was cap-
tured and returned to the village and put
under guard. The fatal day arrived.
Wing was informed by pantomime that
an incision would be made in his neck
and his life fluid allowed to escape into
a soap-stone basin. He gave all up for
lost, when he was inspired by the sight
of Julie in tears. He made love to her.
She comprehended and went to ask papa.
The old chief was fond of his daughter
and could refuse her nothing. He issued
an edict against baked Wing. The re-
mainder of the village protested, and
the chief was obliged to state why he
desired the stranger's life preserved.
The objectors gave in and Wing and
Julie were married in Indian style.

Wing lived with the tribe for some
time, but never became very popular.
He was not much of a hunter, and pre-
ferred to lie around the house, sewing
with the women, to chasing polar bears,
walrus, seals and the like.

Finally he had a chance to escape. A
boat's crew came in from a schooner to
trade for skins. Their cook was dead,
and Wing begged them to take him
away with them. Wing's father-in-law
gave him leave of absence for three
months and sent Julie along with him
to insure his return.

They sailed away, and after much ma-
rine wandering and transferring from
one vessel to another, arrived in San
Francisco. Wing had a taste for the
needle and secured a job of tailoring.
The faithful Julie proved an adept and
shares Wing's labors. They still find
some difficulty in conversing. Wing
knows a few words of English and a few
of Indian. Julie knows a few of En-
glish and a few of Chinese.

When their discussions become ani-
mated they resort to all three languages
at once, and the talk is very exciting.
There is a little Wing now, and he is
learning all three languages.

Julie will not live long hard; she al-
ready shows signs of consumption, de-
veloped presumably by the unaccus-
tomed foul air.

The story has been pretty well well
authenticated, with the exception of the
intention of the Indians to eat Wing
after killing him. His own countrymen
do not believe this part of the story, but
Wing adheres to it stoutly, and the
strongest tie between him and his wife
is his gratitude to her for saving him
from such a fate.

Voyagers to the North state that they
have heard of cannibalism among the
Indians, but it has always been at-
tributed to isolated instances of starva-
tion's necessity, and not habit.

A Farm in His Back.

It is not often that grain is found to
grow in a man's back, but such a case
is reported. A farmer brought a pair of
boots to a Guelph, Ont., cobbler to be re-
paired. When the shoemaker com-
menced operations on them he found
grain growing to the length of several
inches. Such is certainly a curiosity.

LAWS OF OUR FATHERS.

Full List of Connecticut's Famous
Puritan Enactments.

Quakers Had a Hard Time in Colonial
Days, and Tailors and Barber Were
Closely Watched—A Bad Coun-
try for Divorce Lawyers.

The term "blue laws" is applied to
such as relate to the private consciences
of individuals. All countries formerly
had such statutes, and the thirteen colo-
nies were no exception before the revolu-
tion. The code of Connecticut is espe-
cially noted in this respect. Those most
which were in the colony of New Haven
colony in 1635. Here is a full copy of
the New Haven laws, often called the
"Connecticut Blue Laws."

The Governor and magistraten con-
vened in General Assembly, and the
supreme power under God, of this inde-
pendent dominion.

Conspiracy against the dominion shall
be punished with death.

Whoever says there is a power and
jurisdiction above and over this do-
minion shall suffer death and the loss
of his property.

Whoever attempts to change or
overturn this dominion shall suffer
death.

No one shall be a freeman, or give
vote, unless he be converted and a mem-
ber in full communion of one of the
churches allowed in this dominion.

Each freeman shall swear by the
blessed God to bear true allegiance to
this dominion, and that Jesus is the
only King.

No Quaker or dissentor from the es-
tablished worship of this dominion shall
be allowed to give a vote for the elec-
tion of magistraten or any officer.

No food or lodging shall be offered a
Quaker, Adamite or other heretic.
If any person shall turn Quaker he
shall be banished, and not suffered to
return on pain of death.

No Quaker priest shall abide in this
dominion; he shall be banished and
suffer death on return.

Prisoners may be seized by any one
without a warrant.

No one shall run on the Sabbath day,
or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, ex-
cept reverently to and from meeting.

No one shall travel, cook victuals,
make beds, sweep house, cut hair or
shave on the Sabbath day.

The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on
Saturday.

To pick an ear of corn growing on a
neighbor's garden shall be deemed a
theft.

A person accused of trespass in the
night shall be judged guilty until he
clear himself by his oath.

No one shall buy or sell land without
permission of the selectmen.

When it appears that an accused per-
son has confederates, and refuses to dis-
cover them, he may be racked.

A drunkard shall have a master ap-
pointed by the selectmen, who are to
debar him the liberty of buying and
selling.

Whoever publishes a lie to the prej-
udice of his neighbor shall be put in the
stocks, or receive ten stripes.

No minister shall keep a school.

Men shall not suffer death.

Whoever wears clothes trimmed with
gold, silver, or bone lace above two
shillings a yard shall be presented by
the grand jurors, and the selectmen
shall tax the offender three hundred
pounds on his estate.

A debtor in prison, swearing he has
no estate, shall be laid out and sold, to
make satisfaction.

Whoever brings cards or dice into this
dominion shall pay a fine of five pounds.

No one shall read the common prayer
book, keep Christmas, or set days, or
play on any instrument except the drum
or Jew's-harp.

No Gospel minister shall join people
in marriage. The magistraten only shall
join them in marriage, as they do it with
less scandal to Christ's church.

When parents refuse their children
convenient marriage the magistraten
shall determine the point.

The selectmen, on finding the chil-
dren ignorant, may take them away from
their parents and put them in better
hands at the expense of their parents.

A man who strikes his wife shall pay
a fine of ten pounds.

A woman who strikes her husband
shall be punished as the court directs.

A wife shall be deemed good evidence
against her husband.

No man shall count a maid, in person
or by letter, without first obtaining con-
sent of her parents.

Married persons must live together or
be imprisoned in jail.

Every male shall shave his hair cut
round according to a cap.

A Mighty Smart Dog.

There is a butcher's boy in Seattle
who travels around on horseback a
great deal that attracts considerable at-
tention. He has a dog, and that animal
will perch on the horse's back and ride
along the street apparently with as
much ease and enjoyment as the boy
himself. But when the boy wants to
hitch the horse is the time the dog
comes in handy. The dog is told to sit
down, and the horse is fastened to him,
when the two animals are left, to all in-
tents and purposes, in perfect security.

A Vessel Manned by Monks.

A vessel arrived the other day at
Odesa which belongs to the monastery
of Mount Athos, and is manned entirely
by monks, all of whom perform their
duties on board grayed in the habits
of their order. She is named the Prophet
Elias.

CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, DECEMBER 13, 1890.

County Official Press.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Personal.

Andrew Waltz has gone to Seattle.

Willie Butler is attending a business college in San Francisco.

W. F. Onkst and wife, of Lundy, are at the Leavitt House, and will spend the winter in Bridgeport.

Judge J. E. Goodall returned from Hawthorne on Monday, having been absent on legal business.

Mrs. A. Huntoon returned home from Amos on Monday's stage.

Mrs. Norm. Huntoon has moved in from the ranch for the winter.

Superior-elect Henry A. Pitts was up from Antelope the first of the week with a "refrigerator car" and a ton of beef, the most of which he took to Bodie. He returned home Tuesday afternoon.

Col. Frank Riskey was up from Topas on Tuesday.

James Powell came in from Antelope on Thursday.

Judge W. H. Virden and wife took a sleighride to Salas' Hot Springs to-day, to return to-morrow.

H. Gurney took a ride to the Jordan District this morning on business.

BATHER COOL.—This week has been a cold one, the CHRONICLE-UNION thermometer standing at 10 degrees below zero every morning at 7 o'clock. While it has been quite salubrious in the sun, the mercury in the shade has not been able to crawl up into the thirties. It is rough on the wood piles, but we guess most of them will weather through to spring. After last winter's experience, there should be no light stocks of wood on hand this winter.

NEW DIRECTORS.—The Governor has appointed T. F. A. Connelly and Robert Love, both of Inyo county, Directors of the 18th District Agricultural Society, vice A. B. Conklin and A. W. Elbesbush, terms expired. Why should not Mono be represented on that Board? There are several citizens of Benton who would make good officers, and would accept, as they could attend to the business without much inconvenience, Benton being near headquarters.

BADLY SCALDED.—On Monday, while P. Dupree was engaged in scalding hogs at Williams', Sweetwater, he accidentally fell forward into the hot cauldron and sustained a severe scald across the abdomen; and his right arm and shoulder were also badly scalded. He was at once driven to Bridgeport, and taken to the Allen House, where Dr. Sinclair dressed his burns, since which he has steadily improved.

DRIVEN OUT.—Kirman & Riskey's cattle that have been pastured on their Point ranch, four miles from town, were on Tuesday driven out and headed for their Antelope ranch for winter quarters, there not being much nourishment in the snow crop at the Point. Kirman & Riskey will feed not less than two thousand head in Antelope Valley this winter.

CHRISTMAS TREE.—Mrs. O. H. Kister is making great preparations for the Christmas Tree Festival, to be given for the pleasure of her pupils, who will participate in several juvenile pieces. A pleasing entertainment may be expected.

TAXES.—Tax Collector Day went to Bodie this week to accommodate those who wished to pay taxes. He has collected so far this month about \$10,000. The Antelopers, who were "caught out" last winter, are paying up lively.

The weather has moderated, the mercury having reached 55 in the shade to-day, the first time this week it has reached that figure.

One week from next Thursday will be Christmas. Are you prepared for Santa Claus?

The sleighing is fairly good, but our streets are not as full of sleighs as one would expect to see them.

Buckle your bells and all take a sleigh ride to-morrow.

The mail arrives in good time.

CHRISTMAS Presents just received at David Hays & Bro. Make your selections in time.

A. F. Bryant has just received an invoice of fancy goods, suitable for presents.

A storm is not far distant, although appearances are often deceitful.

HENRY WILLIAMS' WILL.—The following is clipped from the Hawthorne Bulletin:

"Judge Biesing held Court on Wednesday. In the matter of the Estate of Henry Williams, deceased. Mrs. Williams and J. E. Goodall were appointed executors without bonds, in accordance with the will. The widow is the sole heir. Pending final settlement, the widow shall be allowed to draw \$250 per month from the proceeds of the estate. S. J. Wang, James Compton and James Krueh were appointed appraisers."

THE WEDDING.

Agreeably with the invitations extended, a goodly number of the friends of Wm. O. Parker, our well-known attorney, assembled in the parlor of the Allen House on Saturday evening last to witness the marriage of that gentleman to Miss Nellie Strobridge, late of San Francisco, and eldest daughter of O. F. Strobridge, of this place. At 8 o'clock the contracting parties, attended by the bride's younger sister, Miss Lulu Strobridge, with Mr. Parker's brother attorney, Richard S. Miner, as best man, took their position at the west end of the room, when Hon. O. F. Hake, Superior Judge, stepped to the center and, prefaced with a few sentimental and impressive remarks pertinent to the important occasion, tied the knot that should not be untied while there is life. After the usual congratulations had been extended, the bridal party led the guests to the spacious dining room, where a long table had been spread and loaded with innumerable bridal cakes, and flanked by a smaller table loaded with champagne, which soon began to pop, an hour being spent pleasantly in giving due attention to the contents of the respective tables, and the drinking of toasts, and expressions of good wishes. An adjournment was made to the parlor, where dancing and vocal and instrumental music were indulged in for an hour or so, the near approach of the Sabbath admonishing our religious element it was time to say "good night." The attendance was not as large as it might have been had not the inclement weather and bad roads intervened to keep people at home. It was a pleasant party, and every one was happy, and all would have been glad to have made a double-wedding of it, as the best man looked as though a "motion" to that effect would not be "argued adversely" by him, and we are confident that Judge Hake would not have "overruled" the motion. Many beautiful and costly presents were received by the Parkers. The congenial couple will bear with them the best wishes of the CHRONICLE-UNION.

LEGAL.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

IN SUPERIOR COURT, IN AND FOR THE County of Mono, State of California.

M. J. CODY, Plaintiff,

vs.

A. E. Bean, F. B. Brown, Finley Cameron, Donald L. McKinnon, Harvey Boone, James McCellum, G. Sherman, D. McDonald, A. McDonald, W. E. Burns, Thomas Williams, E. H. Davidson, Alice May Schuman, Administratrix of the Estate of Charles A. Schuman, deceased, Horace Warner, and James H. Sturgeon, Defendants.

Under and by Virtue of an Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Mono, State of California, on the 14th day of December, 1890, in the above entitled action, wherein M. J. Cody, the above named Plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree against A. E. Bean, F. B. Brown, Defendants, on the 24th day of December, 1890, and against Defendant James H. Sturgeon, for costs, to be taxed jointly with said Defendants, A. E. Bean and F. B. Brown, which said decree was, on the 4th day of December, 1890, recorded in Judgment Book 2, of said Court, at page 278.

I am commanded to sell All of that certain mining claim known as Rattlesnake Mine, situated in Mono District, Jordan Mining District, Mono County, State of California. Also, that certain Mining Claim known as the Rattlesnake Extension Mine, and Rattlesnake Extension Mining Claim being an extension of the said Rattlesnake Mine on the south.

Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments, and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Public Notice is hereby given, that on SATURDAY, the THIRD DAY OF JANUARY,

A. D. 1891,

at Twelve o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Court House, in Bridgeport, Mono county, California; I will, in obedience to said Order of Sale, and Decree of Foreclosure, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the Plaintiff's judgment, with interest thereon, and costs, to the highest and best bidder for gold coin of the United States.

M. J. CODY, Sheriff, Bridgeport, Mono Co., Cal., December 4, 1890. (de-1)

BOMBAY'S POLICE FORCE.

Duties and Characteristics of the "Finest" in India.

Perhaps some members of the St. Louis police force would like to know how their confreres in India look and how they perform their duties, writes a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat from Bombay. The Indian police force consists of both white and Sepoy members, the latter forming the rank and file, and the overwhelming majority of the constabulary, as the Europeans are mainly officers. It is with the Sepoy "finest," however, that this letter has to do, and a picturesque figure he cuts, if not to the native, to the European eye. The Bombay policeman, for example, dresses in a dark blue uniform with bright yellow facings, yellow cap and cuppals. He is also provided with a brass number, a leathern belt, a whistle and a baton. During the monsoons or rainy season, a humane government allows him an umbrella, covered over with oilskin of that peculiar shade of green which would have delighted the heart of Bunthorne; but yet a policeman's umbrella is not a pretty article. When a drunken native is charged before a magistrate the remains of an umbrella are always shown by the Sepoy which the "charge" is said to have broken.

The Sepoy must be required to do a good many things, and he is also enjoined not to do a good many things; but he exercises his own sweet will and pleasure in keeping out of trouble. Like his American colleague, he never interferes in a free fight; he shuns an inebriated white man as he would a post-house, and has the same faculty of appearing on the scene when the trouble of the Sepoy's actions are invidious in the extreme, and a proof of his innate good nature lies in the fact that he does not complain of them, but accepts them with apparent readiness, while he discovers some means of rendering them inoperative. For instance the Sepoy policeman is forbidden to purchase the articles he consumes at dinner while he is dressed in uniform. The authorities are aware that a native has a great respect for a police uniform, and they are also aware that a native is apt to try and win the protection of such gifted beings with little offerings in the shape of ghee, dhal and rice. The Sepoy does not resent this reflection on his class. He makes no purchases when dressed in uniform. During the day, while in uniform, he goes round to the shop and after impressing the shopkeeper with his varied and extensive powers says he will purchase what he needs on his way home. This he does with as much satisfaction and profit to himself after his uniform is doffed as though he were arrayed in his full panoply.

Besides going on duty, or "para," a Sepoy is called upon to perform many other functions. He has to beat a *batak*. When any thing special has to be communicated to the public by the police authorities a Sepoy is intrusted with a copper utensil and is told to go to the principal places in and around his section, where, after collecting as large a crowd as possible with beating on his copper plate, he is to impart to them the requisite information. When a Sepoy is intrusted with the beating of a *batak* a great sadness seems to steal over him. He walks with his head bent down, the copper utensil under his arm. Suddenly he seems to recollect what he is required to do, and with startling suddenness begins beating his instrument long enough to arrest the attention of four boys and a girl who are playing marbles. When these are gathered around him he begins reciting in a monotonous and wholly unintelligible manner what he has to say. The boys and girls listen to him for a few seconds and then go back to their marbles, and the Sepoy is left to address the wall opposite to which he is standing. When he has finished he walks sorrowfully away, and again repeats the performance further down the street.

There is a brisk trade carried on by petty vendors in the streets of Bombay. It has been sought lately to discourage this street trade and the Sepoy has been told to arrest as many of the vendors of fruits, vegetables, etc., as he can. Now the Sepoy knows that if he does so he will discourage trade, and he knows that trade is good for a country, so he walks up to a street vendor, say of green-skinned plantains, and gently insinuates that he has received orders to take her into custody—to the "chowkey." He then talks on indifferent topics for a few minutes, when the vendor remarks that she has some particularly fine specimens of plantains that day of which she desires the Sepoy's opinion. After tasting two or three plantains he gives, in his opinion, which is valuable to the woman, as the Sepoy has a cultivated palate in the matter of green-skinned plantains. Sometimes he meets with vendors who are defiant and insulting when he first introduces himself. These people he arrests.

Carmen Sylva, the Poet-Queen.
The life of Carmen Sylva is more interesting than that of most Queens, because she would have been more interesting than most women if she had not been a Queen. It is a fascinating little tale told by the Baroness Stackelberg of her running away when she was a little girl to go to school with the bailiff's children. There was the small poet's democracy. She wrote verses when she was ten years old, and boldly began a novel at twelve. She wished to know a great deal, to be able to pass difficult examinations, and she achieved it. Carmen Sylva knows languages and history and literature and philosophy and economics enough to hold her own with the cleverest sophomore girl to be found in any college within two hundred miles of Boston.

A Curious Predicament.

At Sidney, O., there are two large trees close together on the edge of a clover field. A fence touches either tree, but the gap has no fence. A cow squeezed into the gap, and without passing through began to browse. She soon began to swell with gas generated by the green clover, and to get her out one of the trees had to be cut.

WHY THE SKY IS BLUE.

A Study of Prominent Heavenly Bodies Carefully Analyzed.

"I have all noticed," said an astronomer to a Cincinnati Times-Star man, "that when we look away from the sun to the cloudless sky, the heavens appear blue; when, however, we look in the direction of the sun, especially when after sunset, we look toward the western horizon, the color is a yellowish red. With the spectroscopic it can be shown that the white light from the sun produced by a mingling of different colored rays. Indeed this can be shown by means of any triangular prism, say one of the pendants of a chandelier. One of these placed in the path of a beam of light will project on a screen a band of seven colors—red, orange, yellow, green, light blue, dark blue and violet. Understanding this, we can readily see how the effect is blue when a piece of blue glass is interposed, or red when red glass is used. All but the blue and red rays respectively are absorbed; these, however, pass through freely, and we say that the body is blue, or red, when really the color is not a property of the glass in any true sense, but of the sunlight. What has this to do with the sky colors? I will turn to soap in a tumbler of water, so as to make the water slightly turbid. Place a black screen behind the tumbler and hold the whole so that the sunlight must be reflected from the liquid before it can reach your eye. The liquid will appear blue. Hold it next in a direct line toward the sun and it appears yellowish red. Now these are the exact appearances of the sky. Sky light is refracted light. The water particles in the atmosphere, like the particles of soap in the water, refract blue light; while the background of darkness surrounding the earth replaced the black screen. The atmosphere, like the solution of soap and water, transmits yellow and red rays but slightly refracted, while the blue, being a weak color, is refracted too low to be seen; hence when we look toward the source of light in the evening or morning the sky is of a yellowish red color. This effect is more pronounced then than during the day, because when the sun is near the horizon the rays travel a greater distance in the air in order to reach the earth than when directly above us. Consequently the blue rays are more thoroughly refracted.

"The atmosphere has many effects in modifying the appearance of the sky and the heavenly bodies. Look at Venus over there near the western horizon and just below the crescent moon, which has come into plain view while we have been talking (on account of the deepening darkness). Its real distance from the horizon is not as great as it appears, for the rays of light which it reflects to us, and which it receives from the sun, are bent downward when they pass into our air, perhaps fifty miles from the earth's surface.

"As the effect is the same as that which would be produced were there no atmosphere, by rays proceeding from a higher star, we locate the body in a more elevated position than the one which it actually occupies. Put a dime on the bottom of a pail filled with water and you have a like condition with a similar effect. If you place your hand where you think you see the coin you will not touch it, but a spot perhaps an inch above the true bottom. Again, do you notice how steadily Venus shines? If you are here in an hour later, when the stars are all out, you will observe that all those near the horizon, the others to a smaller extent, are morrily twinkling. This appearance, made familiar to all of us by the old nursery rhyme: 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star,' is not noticeable in the case of any planet except Mercury, and has been a subject of much study on the part of scientific men; it is now generally believed that it arises from the unequal bending of the rays of light as they pass through aerial currents of different temperatures and densities. The facts seem to support this theory, for where the air is the densest—near the horizon—the effect is most noticeable, where it is the rarest—in our zenith—it is less marked.

"This twinkling produces another illusion. When we look at the heavens on a clear winter's night the first impression we receive is that there are an almost infinite number of stars. In truth, seldom can an ordinary eye discern more than 2,000 at once; if you should observe the sky nightly for a whole year there would be presented to your view only about 5,000. But if you take a telescope, as Sir Wm. Herschell did, and point it toward that portion of the milky way which looks the whitest and the milkiest, you will see more than 600,000 stars pass across the field of your instrument every fifteen minutes."

Feathered Military Messengers.

The popular name of "swifts" is likely to be more than ever appropriate if the following announcement is verified: "The training of swallows for military purposes is being proceeded with actively at Roubaix, under the observation of Captain Degouty, who has been detached for this duty by the Minister of War. The birds will be swifter than the carrier-pigeon; at the same time it will be more difficult for the enemy's bullets to hit them. All the swallows which are at present in training are young, and so far have given fair proofs of their capability for carrier service. One, after having been taken to Paris, was set at liberty, and reached its nest at Roubaix in 1 hour and 30 minutes, the distance being about 250 kilometres or 155 miles."

The Cowboy's Lasso.

The cowboy's lasso is made by cutting a rawhide into thin strips, half tanning it with lime on. These strips are then stretched over a block and braided into a rope, the strands being braided very tight. The lasso is then buried in sand for a week or two and absorbs moisture from the ground, which makes it soft and pliable. With such a lasso of

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THE WHIPPING POST.

Romans Used the Lash More Than Any Other Nation.

Whipping in Queen Elizabeth's Time—Flagellation in France and Holland—Use of the Rod in Russia and the Orient.

The first mention of whipping as a punishment occurs in the fifth chapter of Exodus, where we find that Pharaoh whipped the officers of the Israelites when they did not furnish the required number of bricks which they were compelled to make every day.

In ancient times says a writer in American Notes and Queries, the Romans carried whipping as a punishment farther than any other nation, and their judges were surrounded with an array of diverse kinds of whips well calculated to frighten the offender who might be brought before them. The mildest form of whip was a flat leather strap called the *flagellum*, and one of the most severe was the *flagellum*, which was made of plaited ox hide and almost as hard as iron.

From ancient times the use of whipping can be traced through the Middle Ages down to the present day. In more modern times, when it is easier to find record of the use of the rod.

In Queen Elizabeth's time the whipping-post was an established institution in almost every village in England, the municipal records of the time informing us that the usual fee to the executioner for administering the punishment was "four pence a head." In addition to whipping being thought an excellent corrective for crime, the authorities of a certain town in Huntingdonshire must have considered the use of the lash as a sort of universal specific as well, for the corporation records of this town mention that they paid eight-pence "to Thomas Hawkins for whipping two people yd had the small pox."

In France and Holland whipping does not seem to have been so generally practiced. The last woman who was publicly whipped in France by judicial decree was Jeanne St. Remi de Valois, Comtesse de la Motte, for her share in the abduction of that diamond necklace which has given point to so many stories.

In connection with the history of flagellation in France may be mentioned the custom which prevailed there (and also in Italy) in olden times of ladies visiting their acquaintances while still in bed on the morning of the "Festival of the Innocents," and whipping them for any injuries, either real or fancied, which the victims may have done to the fair flagellants during the past year.

Among the Eastern nations the rod in various forms played a prominent part, and from what we read China might be said to be almost governed by it. Japan is singularly free from the practice of whipping, but make up for it by having a remarkably sanguinary criminal code.

Russia is, however, par excellence a home of the whip and the rod, the Russians having been governed from time immemorial by the use of the lash.

Many of the Russian monarchs were adepts in the use of the whip, and were also particularly ingenious in making things unpleasant for those around them. Catherine II. was so particularly fond of this variety of punishment (which she often administered in person), that it amounted almost to a passion with her. It is related that she carried this craze so far that one time the ladies of the court had to come to the Winter Palace with their dresses so adjusted that the Empress could whip at once if she felt so inclined.

While the instruments of torture used in Russia were of great variety, the most formidable "punisher" was the knout, an instrument of Tartar origin and of which descriptions differ. In its ordinary form it appears to be a heavy leather thong, about eight feet in length, attached to a handle two feet long, the lash being concave, thus making two sharp edges along its entire length, and when it fell on the criminal's back it would cut him like a flexible double-edged sword. "Running the gantlet" was also employed, but principally in the army. In this the offender had to pass through a long line of soldiers, each of whom gave the offender a stroke with a pike staff. Peter the Great limited the number of blows to be given to 12,000, but unless it were intended to kill the victims, they seldom gave more than 2,000 at a time. When the offender was sentenced to a greater number of strokes than this, the punishment was extended over several days for the reason above stated.

Whipping, after dropping out of sight for a time in England, was reintroduced in 1807, in order to put a check on crimes of violence. The law was so framed that the judges might add flogging at discretion to the imprisonment to which the offenders were also sentenced. The first instance of this punishment being used was at Leeds, where two men received twenty-five lashes each before entering their five and ten years' penal servitude for garroting. The whip used in this instance was the cat-o'-nine-tails.

The whipping-post is also still used in some parts of this country, notably at New Castle, Del., where the "cat" is still administered for minor offenses. Judging from a whipping that the writer once witnessed, it appears to be a very mild form of punishment.

Co-Operation a Failure.

Co-operation has not been successful in Berlin. Thirty-five co-operative societies have been organized there for manufacturing purposes since 1868. Thirty of them wound up their affairs after an average existence of six years each. Five still exist. The various reasons for discontinuing business were lack of funds, differences of opinion among members and dwindling away of membership.

A Cow with No Pedigree.

A Vermont editor boasts that he has a stub-tailed, one horned cow, with no pedigree, which not only furnished the milk for his family of ten persons last year, but \$100 worth which he sold to his neighbors.

AFRAID OF BANKS.

A Divorced Wife Loses \$15,000 Alimony Midden in Her Possession.

Why is it that the majority of women are so afraid of a bank? asks the New York Star. They are only satisfied with money; checks, bank-books, or other evidence of money do not please them. When I read about the woman a few days ago who put her money under the waist of her dress and then lost it, I was reminded of a similar loss, only of a larger amount, which occurred in this city a few years ago. After much litigation in the Supreme Court an ill-used wife got a decree of divorce and about \$15,000 alimony. The lawyers and the wife and her mother met in one of the small rooms of the court-house and settled. The husband's lawyer had a certified check for the alimony, but the wife wouldn't touch it; she wanted money. In vain did her own counsel assure her that the check was better than money; it was so much safer. Her husband's treatment of her had been cruel, and he had fought her application for divorce in such a mean way that she had come to distrust every thing he proposed. She believed that the check was a trick, and she wouldn't have it. So the two lawyers went out, got the money, she took it, carefully deposited it in her bosom, smilingly observing that no thieves could get hold of it there.

She and her mother left the court-house and took the Sixth avenue elevated for Forty-second street. When they got home the money was gone. Womanlike, she believed that the judge who decreed the alimony could in some way make the loss good, and they rushed back to the court-house and obtained an interview with him. He is one of the tenderest-hearted men in the world, and he has since described the meeting as one of the most painful he ever had. The loss of the money rendered them absolutely penniless, and there were two children whose custody had been given to the mother, the father being worth less in every respect except pecuniarily. The wife cried and the mother sobbed. The judge explained to them that the case was closed; that final judgment had been rendered and complied with; that they had insisted upon taking bills instead of a certified check, which had been offered to them, and that they had only themselves to blame for the loss. He didn't convince the excited and heart-broken women by such arguments. Finally, there being no other way of getting rid of them, the judge agreed to send to the husband and lay the case before him. He was not called upon in any manner to do this, nor, in fact, had he any right to; but his magnanimity and pity caused him to. I never heard that he succeeded, however, and am under the impression that the wife never got any thing more from her husband. He had paid the court's decree and he let her go to starve, if it should so happen.

TENDER AS A BABE.

That Is Why an Irish Barber Sympathized with His Victim.

The village of Garrison's, on the Hudson, is the home of a few wealthy city people during the heated term, says the New York Sun. Garrison's is not popular enough to support a regular barber, and so this very necessary function has been assumed by the baggage-man at the Hudson river railroad station, who is known as Dan. It is a funny sight to see a lawn-tennis dandy with yellow shoes lying in an ordinary arm-chair, his head over the back and resting on the book in which Dan keeps his accounts, and which lies upon a desk. For scraping the jaws of the city boarders the baggage-man earns many a dime between trains.

This reminds the writer of an experience in the Aran islands, on the west coast of Ireland, last February. He had three weeks' growth of beard on his face, and he hunted over the three islands for a barber, at last finding one who was willing to undertake the job. The Aran barber had never shaved a Yankee, and was overjoyed at the chance. He was twenty years old, and had been engaged all his life at building stone walls. He sharpened his razor on a piece of smooth flagstone, and seated his victim in a kitchen chair. One man held the patient's head, and a dozen interested spectators looked on, for it was an altogether unprecedented event in the islands. The lathering was done with a piece of hard brown soap, which was rubbed over the face. Grabbing a handful of hair on top of the patient's head, the stone-wall builder flourished the razor in the air and exclaimed:

"Are ye all ready, sir?"

"All right," was the trembling reply. Down came the razor with a sweep like that of a scythe. The implement was evidently as full of teeth as a buzzsaw. It tore the hair out by the roots. It raised the victim bolt upright as if a cannon cracker had exploded. Tears gathered in his eyes. His hands clinched convulsively, and a rivulet of blood ran down his cheek. The butcher went to the window to wipe his weapon clean, and exclaimed sympathetically:

"Shure, sir, ye have a face as tender as a little baby!"

The shave was concluded three weeks later in the city of Galway.

An Anecdote of Douglas.

The late Beverly Tucker was a genuine F. V. V. He was handsome, popular and the best story teller in Washington. He was a great friend of Stephen A. Douglas, and one day, when Tucker was walking down Pennsylvania avenue, the Little Giant overtook him, threw his arm around his shoulder and exclaimed: "Bey, old boy, I love you!" "But, will you always love me?" asked Tucker. "If I don't, may I be damned. What do you want me to do? Say what you will, and I'll remember it." "Well," said Tucker, "when you get to be President, all I want you to do for me is to choose some public place like this, put your arm around my neck just as you are doing now, call me 'Bey,' and tell me you love me." The bargain was made, and it wasn't the Little Giant's fault that it wasn't carried out.

CURIOSITIES OF LA.

From the Town of Limerick, Scotland, we have taken this quaint notice, written Prof. R. R. Mayhew in the Chicago Globe. It was not uncommon in old Scotch towns, even with the present century, to have legal enactments made known by proclamation in the market square:

"Ta hoy! To thither aho! Is boy three times!! An' ta hoy—whit! By command of his Majesty, King George, and her grace, the Duke of Argyle! If anybody is found fishing about a loch, or below to loch, afore to loch, a shint to loch, in ta loch, aroon to loch, or about to loch, she is to be persecuted with three persecutions—first, she is to be burnt; syne, she's to be drown; an' then to be hanged. An' if she comes back she's to be persecuted wi' a fa' warld. God save the King and her grace the Duke of Argyle."

One may not be surprised that many old-fashioned legal institutions should still exist among the British, who have received them with the greatest veneration from the dark ages of their country's history; but the same can hardly be said in favor of the States of the new world. In New Jersey, for instance, the effect:

"All women of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, who shall after this act impose upon, seduce or betray into matrimony any of his Majesty's subjects by virtue of charms, cosmetics, washes, paints, artificial teeth, false hair or high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors."

What a check it would be upon the postprandial flow of eloquence if this law enacted by Edward III. were still operative. Edward III. prohibited any man having more than two courses at any meal. Each man was to have only two sorts of victuals, and it was prescribed how far one could mix sauce with his potage, excepting on certain feast days, where three courses were allowed at a meal.

If the same laws were now operative, a good deal of the after dinner gush at banquets would never be heard.

In the reign of the English Charles II., the Chief Justice, whose record was both famous and infamous, brookwinked his brother justices in declaring that to print or publish any new book or pamphlet of news whatsoever, is illegal; that it is a manifest intent to the breach of the peace, and they may be proceeded against by law for an illegal thing.

Many years ago men could easily be found to give any evidence on oath that might be required, and some of these persons walked openly into court with a straw in one of their shoes, to signify that they wanted employment as witnesses; hence originated the expression "rice a man of straw." An advocate or lawyer who wanted a convenient witness knew by these signs where to find one, and the colloquy between the parties was brief. "Don't you remember?" said the advocate. The party looked deliberately at the toe, but made no sign of assent; then the fee increased, and with it his memory also. "To be sure I do."

"Then come into court and swear it." The only improvement which has grown out of this peculiar custom is on the part of the straw man. Nowadays your straw man will work for half the original fee.

When pleading as an art was scarcely developed the courts used to hear suits against animals. By the old law of France, if a vicious animal killed a person and it was proved that his owner knew of its propensity to kill, and suffered it to go at large, he was hanged, and the animal was also. In 1814 a bull having killed a man by tossing him with its horns was brought before the judge and indicted as a criminal. After several witnesses had sworn against it, the court condemned it to be hanged. This sentence was confirmed by an order of Parliament and carried into effect.

Old historical books tell us that as late as 1650 the French had proper laws for the punishment of offensive rogues, locusts, flies and cockroaches. This was going very far. To-day we should all be made very happy if some genius would devise and put into practical working a law for the extermination of the mosquito.

TOMMY'S MEDICINE.

His Anxious Mother Doses Him with Melancholy and Brimstone.

A small boy, more or less the light of a certain household and the source of the neighborhood, showed signs of acquiring the complexion of a leopard, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. That is to say, his mother noticed that her treasure's face was becoming terribly spotted.

She called the family doctor's attention to the trouble, and he said in the brusque off-hand way we all know so well: "Give him a level teaspoonful of brimstone every day."

The doctor's word was law in that family, and a considerable shipment of brimstone was procured at once. Omitting the details of administration, we may pass on to the next visit of the doctor to the family of the boy.

"Well, how's Tommy?" was the doctor's first question.

"Oh, he's very much worse. As you ordered, I gave him eleven spoonfuls of brimstone and he's been raising—"

"Eleven spoonfuls! I never ordered that many," shouted the doctor, as he nervously sprang upstairs toward Tommy's room. "A level spoonful was what I said."

Doing the Graceful Thing.

The chairman of a public meeting is expected to use pleasant phrases when he introduces those who take part. At Saratoga lately there were public memorial services on account of the death of a highly-esteemed citizen. The rector of the Episcopal church had been invited to offer prayer, and the chairman, feeling it incumbent on him to do the graceful thing, made this announcement: "The audience will now have the pleasure of listening to a prayer by Rev. Dr. Cary."

DIDN'T LIKE RAILROADS.

Conscience Imparted to a New Yorker by a New Jerseyman.

It was on a railroad train in the heart of New Jersey, says the New York Sun. A passing shower had left two rain-bows in the sky and a huge bank of clouds in the northwest that attracted nearly everybody's attention. All else, the trees, the red Jersey earth, the thistle-covered meadows, the farm-houses, had taken on a brightness that was refreshing to the New Yorker, who had seen nothing but stone pavements and crowded streets for a month.

One passenger failed to approve the scenery and much more that was pleasant and convenient for city folks. He was an elderly man, with an old-fashioned carpet bag that he kept his hand on continually. He sat opposite the peaceful New Yorker, but after a time he moved over to sit beside him, and brought the carpet bag along and held it on his knees.

"Goin' fur?" he asked, with a trace of anxiety in his voice.

The New Yorker named his destination. "Goin' there?" exclaimed the stranger in astonishment. "Why, so be I, and I stop at the station this side. I live there, always did live there, always will."

"Travel much on this road?"

"A good deal in the course of a year."

"So? Well, don't you think (leaving over and speaking confidentially) this is the damdest, meanest road to ride on you ever seen?"

"No," replied the New Yorker, "the road has a pretty good reputation, and I've seen many a worse one."

"You don't say! Well, by thunder, I'd rather ride on my hayrick. Miserablest, poorest land I ever see around here. Corn ain't knee high."

"Is that the reason you don't like the road?"

"That's part of it, but tain't all. Git shaken up wuss'n corn in a popper. By gum, I wouldn't ask one of my hogs to travel on this road."

"You don't travel on it much yourself, then?"

"No, sirree! Other people can do the traveling. I'll stay at home. Just be'a to New York second time in my life. I don't want to go again if I can help it. Darndest old railroad in New Jersey!" and he looked vaguely out of the window, and nursed his wrath in silence for many minutes. At last the train drew up at a lonesome station, and the old man said:

"I git out here, mister, and I'm darned sorry for you that you've got to go any further. My horse and wagon will be waitin' for me a little ways out from here, and if it'll be any pleasure for you, I'll drive you as far as I go your way. No? All right, you won't meet me on another train long's I live, and he grumbled his way to the platform.

OLD DREAD SWAIN.

A Statesman of the Long Ago Who Had a Funny Experience.

Away out in the pine woods of Montgomery County, says the American (Ga.) Times, there lives an old man that is as full of stories of the olden time as any lover of ancient lore could wish. Here is one of his best:

There is a big difference nowadays in the way things are done, and I want to tell you of a very eccentric character who lived in the long ago and who was quite a celebrity in his day. I allude to old man Dread Swain, of Emanuel County.

For twenty-eight years he represented his county in the State Legislature and many amusing things are told of him. There were few railroads in his time and the only way for him to get to Milledgeville was to go on horseback or walk, and then, of course, if he went on horseback he would be put to the expense of keeping his horse while there; so he usually walked, taking his rifle and killing game and camping out on the trip, and it is said of him that instead of boarding in the city like the other members, he used to camp out in the suburbs and go into town every day.

He was a very penurious old gentleman and hated to spend his money for any thing. I recall one amusing tale that they used to tell of him, and it has the merit of being literally true. The story, with some variations, has been told of several old-timers, but is true only when applied to old man Swain. As I told you, he usually took his rifle with him to Milledgeville, and along toward the close of his many terms of service he started from his home to the capital on foot, as usual, and reaching his old camping ground in the suburbs late in the afternoon he pitched his camp for the night, or for the term, for that matter. Early next morning his ever vigilant hunter's eye lighted upon the dome of the capitol, built during his absence. Of course old man Swain had never heard of nor seen such things, and he at once took it to be a sure enough live eagle, sitting there in the morning sunlight. "Ill-pl!" said old Dread. "You nasty shoop-stealer, I'll fix you in a jiffy." The old man took his rifle and began "stalking" the counterfeit eagle. Getting within long range he drew a bead on the "bird of freedom" and pulled down, and, of course, thought he had missed. Thinking possibly he was too far from his game for a sure shot, he started to get nearer, when he met some parties who had been attracted by his first shot.

"Hil!" says old man Swain, "keep low; don't you see that eagle up on the capitol yourself?" When their laughter has subsided sufficiently they explained to him his mistake, and many a laugh did the members have at his expense.

Smoking and Chewing.

A Chicago doctor, who has been studying the question closely, is responsible for this statement: "Smoking and chewing, or either, is injurious as you have heard all your life, if indulged in too much. But there are some who can smoke and chew more than others. Now, if a man smoke or chew without expectorating I make bold to say that such a one can indulge either habit, or both, to his heart's content, and he will live as long as if he had never done either."

A BOSTON GREENHORN.

How He Was Duped by a Shrewd Adirondack Guide.

They tell a good story of a Boston merchant at the Adirondacks last year, says Forest and Stream. He was particularly anxious to kill a deer. He employed "one of the best guides in the region," and they joked, and jacked nearly all night, amid great suffering of the would-be shooter. Not a deer did they see nor hear. The shooter was nearly dead from sitting in one position. Toward morning they passed a swampy place, and there was a hint of a deer in the reeds. The guide asked in a short whisper if the shooter heard it. He did hear it, and his teeth were already chattering with buck fever, or ready to chatter with buck fever. He looked nearly all night, amid great suffering of the would-be shooter. Not a deer did they see nor hear. The shooter was nearly dead from sitting in one position. Toward morning they passed a swampy place, and there was a hint of a deer in the reeds. The guide asked in a short whisper if the shooter heard it. 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